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Bombay Gazette Weekly 1816

BOMBAY GAZETTE

Volume 27.] Wednesday, January 10, 1816. [Number 1336.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING The Education of the POOR.

THE Annual meeting of the Subscribers will be held in the *Vestry*, on Monday the 15th Instant, at ten o'Clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of receiving the Annual report, electing the new Directors, and transacting such general business as may then appear necessary.

The Subscribers are requested to come prepared with a list of eight Gentlemen to be then elected Directors in the room of the following:—

Mr. REMINGTON and Colonel WILSON; returned to England.
Mr. WEDDERBURN,
Mr. TORIN.
Dr. TAYLOR,
Mr. O. WOODHOUSE,
Col. GRIFFITH,
Mr. PELLY,
} *Who retire by rotation.*

The Annual Sermon for the benefit of the Institution will be preached by the ARCHDEACON on Sunday morning, the 14th instant, after which a collection will be made at the Church door.

GEO. BARNES,
Chairman.

BOMBAY,
January 1st, 1816.

Advertisement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT an Oart called *Dubercauon* of two wheels situated in Mahim woods, near the Oart *Tarwaddy* of VADDIA NASSERWANJEE MONACKJEE, late the property of LUXAMON GOVINDJEE, is sold. If any person or persons have any claim or demand on the said Oart, they are hereby apprized of the said Sale, and are requested to make the same known at the GAZETTE OFFICE within fourteen days from the date hereof, otherwise no claim or demand will be attended to.

Bombay, 10th January, 1816.

જાહેર ખબર

ખબર દીમાથી આપીએ જે વાડા ઉપર નામ કુબેરજીનું છે (૨) ની ભોઇમમાં વાડીમા નશાર વાનજીની તાર વાડીનો પાશેનાત્ર ને તેવાડી લપશમણ ગોવંજી ની તેવેચાણ તેવાડી ઉપર બગાર કો જાલોકોનો દાવો હમા લેહેણુકો હતલોકોને હવેચાણબાબે જાહે ર કરેચ જે નેકનો કોઇ દાવોહોઇ તે ધણી ગાજટ આરીશમાં આવીને જાકેર કરે મુજનાં તારીખથી દી ન (૧૪) નીમુદત માં નકીતો તે ધ

Guzerattee Character

ALL orders for printing in the *Guzerattee Character will, in future, be thankfully received and punctually executed at the office of the BOMBAY GAZETTE.*

Bombay, January 10th 1816.

જાહેર ખબર

ફુલ શાહેબ લોકોને માલુમ થાઇ જે શ્રી મુમબઇ મધેની ગાજટ આપ્રીશમાં ગુજરાતી છાપાનાં અ ખેર છે જેશાહેબને ગુજરાતી છપા વાનું કામ હોઇ તે શાહેબ માટારમે રબાનગીથી હમારી આપ્રીશમાં મોકલશેતો હમોનકુ પેથી કરીમા પડશે તારીખ ૧ જુનીનાઇને તવારીખ શને ૧૮૧૬ અંગ્રેજી

FOR SALE AT THE Gazette Office,

POLICIES of Insurance on Goods,
Ditto Ditto on Block,
Respondentia Bonds on Goods,
Ditto Ditto on Block,
Bills of Lading,
Interest Bonds,
Powers of Attorney,
&c. &c. &c.

BOMBAY GAZETTE.

Wednesday, January 10th 1816.

GENERAL ORDERS.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 30TH DECEMBER 1815.

By the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

LIEUTENANT W. NASH, of the 2d Battalion 4th Regiment Native Infantry, is permitted to resign his appointment of adjutant of that Battalion & is allowed a furlough to England on his private concerns for a period of three years from the date of his embarkation.

2d Battalion 4th Regiment Native Infantry.

Lieutenant J. J. Barton, to be adjutant vice Nash resigned,—Date of Appointment 30th December 1815.

Bombay Castle, 2d January 1816.

The following appointments are ordered to take place.

Commissary of Stores Department.

POONAH SUBSIDIARY FORCE.

Serjeant Major G. Ball, to be Conductor,—Date of Appointment 3d November 1815.

Thomas Hannah, to be Sub Conductor,—do. do. do.

Bombay Castle, 4th January 1816.

Major Charles Haynes, of his Majesty's 4th Regiment is appointed Military Secretary to the Right Honorable the Governor, in the room of Captain Charles Forbes, and Lieutenant Francis Haworth of his Majesty's 17th Regiment of Light Dragoons is appointed Aid-de-Camp, from the 1st Instant.

By Order of the Right Hon'ble the Governor in Council,
J. FARISH,
Secretary to Government.

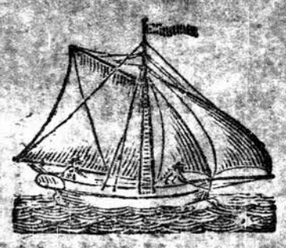
BOMBAY.

BIRTHS.—At Huntley Lodge—Byculla, on the 3d instant, Mrs. Christie, of a Son.

On Monday the 8th, the Lady of Capt. Delamotte, of a Son.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Perriman, of a Son.

DEATH.—On Wednesday last, George Fitzwilliam Chanier Esq. of the Civil Service, on this Establishment, aged 23 years. During an excursion on the Island of Salsette, he was attacked by a Jungle fever, which resisted all professional skill, and which terminated in the fatal result, now so sincerely deplored by his afflicted family and friends.



NAUTICAL CHRONICLE & NAVAL REPORT.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVED.—January 4th, Armed Boat Vigilant, Syrang Doss Mahomed, from Surat.

Ditto Ship Derria Beggy, Captain P. Wilson, from Calcutta.

SAILED.—January 4th, Arab Snow Edroosey, Nacqudah Syed Hamud, to Mocha.

Ditto 7th, the Hon'ble Co's. Cruizer Sylph, Lieut. James Arthur, to Malvan.

The Gazette.

BOMBAY, 10TH JANUARY 1816.

THE Aurora, we are sorry to observe, has not arrived. The same dearth of European news, consequently continues.

By letters from the Northward we learn, that a force, under the command of Colonel East, had entered the province of Cutch, for the purpose stated in the Proclamation which lately appeared in the Courier, & had taken Anjar, situated about two marches from Bhooj, the Capital of Cutch, to which place, we understand, the force was to advance. It was intended to have moved directly to the Capital, but the Enemy having had recourse to the diabolical expedient of poisoning the wells & tanks, situated in the route, Colonel East deemed it prudent to secure Anjar, which surrendered after a breach had been effected by the batteries, which played on the fort from 10 in the morning till 2 in the evening. Every measure had been adopted to warn the chieftains of Cutch against the consequences of adopting a system of destruction not justified by the law

their honour, communicated the circumstance to our officers, and the tanks having been searched, bags of arsenick were found, which had been thrown into them to poison the water. Cornet De Lancey of his Majesty's 17th Dragoons, we are concerned to hear, has lost his right arm by a shot from the fort. We have not heard of any other casualty.

Commodore O'Brien has seized the Honourable Company's Ship the Ernaud, in consequence of her not being possessed with a certificate of Registry; and the case will be brought before the Vice Admiralty Court in the course of a few days. The provisions of the registry act which received the royal assent on the 28th of June last, will fully protect the Ernaud.—The act expressly providing, that ships built within the limits of the Company's Charter, for the purpose of carrying on trade, solely within those limits, do not require registry; whilst ships [illegible] ed for trade beyond those limits not being registered, have time allowed, that is 'til the 1st of July 1816, to obtain a registry. Even however, if this enactment had not passed, we question, whether the Navigation Laws, which have, chiefly for their object, the encouragement of British seamen, ever extended to Ships trading from Port to Port within the limits of the Company's Charter, navigated by Lascars. If the Registry Acts were intended to extend to India, the Legislature rendered a compliance with their provisions impracticable, by omitting to appoint Officers to grant the Registry; an omission which has been supplied by recent enactment.

The enemies of Buonaparte say, that his conduct both at Rochefort and on board the Bellerophen, was such as by no means to entitle him to be likened, either to Hannibal or to Themistocles. They admit, however, that if he had chosen to compare himself to Perseus King of Macedonia, who degenerately sought his life from those who had subdued him, he had then been near the truth. General Gorgaud was the bearer of Napoleon's letter to the Prince Regent, but he was not permitted to repair with it to London, tho' Captain Maitland suffered him to proceed to Plymouth in the sloop of war which he dispatched from Rochefort, in order to announce the speedy approach of the Ex-Emperor. In [illegible] letter, Buonaparte simply says, that being [illegible] to factions which dismayed his country, [illegible] upon the great powers of Europe, [illegible] his political career, [illegible] like Themistocles, to [illegible] the hospitality of the British nation, [illegible] himself under the protection of [illegible] hands of His Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most persevering, and the most generous of all his enemies.

We have inserted in our paper of to-day an interesting account relative to the seizure of that amiable Prince the Duke d'Enghien; taken from a very recent publication, obligingly, lent us. The character of Josephine appears to great advantage in the extract, and we unfeignedly believe, that if Buonaparte had followed her counsels more than he did, and had never divorced her, he would now have been Emperor of the French. It is beyond all question, that she was a very principal means of his elevation, and no observation has ever been more generally made at Paris, than that, when he separated himself from her, he parted with the best friend he had.

We had much satisfaction some time since, in giving publicity to Colonel Macquarrie, the governor [illegible] Blue Mountains, inasmuch as they had only been penetrated, but a short time previous thereto by Mr. Evans deputy surveyor to the colony, under the orders of His Excellency, and as the prospect of advantage to be derived from the discovery of the passage, till then unknown to this rising colony, appeared to be very great; and we have now the additional pleasure through a letter from a Correspondent in that quarter to state, that since the Governor's excursion, Mr. Evans has penetrated into the interior 150 miles further than is mentioned in the last account, & has happily discovered two rivers which tending to the south of west, are likely to disembogue themselves into the sea. On the West coast, the country is represented as beautiful, abounding with pine and cedar, great abundance of lime-stone, the first found in the colony, and a part of the country is represented to be covered with manna of the most superior quality. The letter concludes this subject, by promising a further account very shortly, which we shall have much pleasure in laying [illegible] readers.

The same communication gives us to understand that the climate of New South Wales is not sufficiently warm to rear sugar cane or coffee, or, as it is feared, cotton. Several attempts indeed have been made, but their results were unsuccessful. Should a settlement, however, be made to the northward it is supposed that all would grow luxuriantly. The vine does not thrive in any degree so well as might have been expected, owing to its being almost constantly blighted. The colony, nevertheless, abounds with the greatest variety of fruit-trees. No less than 20 different sorts of peaches, a great variety of apples, pears, cherries, walnuts, apricots, together with the fruits of warmer climates thrive excessively. Wool is likely to be a subject of great importance there, as an article of exportation. Some samples of the prime Merino and Lyonese fleeces had lately been sent out from England, but much superior, wool the growth of the colony, has been seen in the settlement notwithstanding the two last years have been remarkably unpropitious, thro' great drouth, to the keeping and rearing of sheep.

Calcutta.

We extract from the *Times* of the 21st of June last, the following account of a Phenomenon which was observed in the Sun on the 27th of August 1813, and the two following days. If the name of the Officer who has testified this occurrence had not been given, and if it had not been gravely reported to have been seen by all the Officers and Seamen of H. M. Ship *Majestic*, we should have considered the statement to have been intended as a prediction of the rise and fall of BUONAPARTE, and the Tri-coloured flag; and like most other veritable *Predictions*, of modern [illegible] to have been published *after* [illegible] had happened. We submit [illegible] further observation to the [illegible]udgement of our readers.

[illegible]rs we understand, both in A[illegible]merica and England, have noticed the remarkable circumstance to which we are now alluding. The following is an authentic and correct account for the truth of which Captain HAYES, of his Majesty's ship *Majestic*, now lying in Plymouth harbour, and the whole of his officers and ship's company, may be appealed to:—

"On the morning of the 27th of August, 1813 the *Majestic* being then off Boston, the men on board observed, at the rising of the Sun, the complete figure of a man in the centre of that luminary, with a flag divided by three lines in his hand. He was at first on his back, but as day advanced he gradually assumed an erect posture, and at mid-day stood upright; towards evening he was gradually declined, descending with his flag head-foremost. We have seen a drawing of the phenomenon, and nothing can be more correct than the human figure, its dress complete, and the flag.

"On the 28th it retained the same outline, but had become a skeleton.

"On the 29th the figure was disjointed, & its parts gradually assumed the appearance of six separate flags, united in a circle by an apparent cord or line. After this, nothing more was observed on the Sun's disk but a few small spots.

"The American papers, we believe notice only the extraordinary appearance of the Sun on the above-mentioned days. Perhaps the observers on that continent were not in a position to catch the precise appearance which the particles of matter presented to the ship's company of the *Majestic*. There could be no optical delusion on the occasion, as the phenomenon was observed by so many different eyes, and for so long a time. The first figure was seen during the whole of the 27th, the skeleton the whole of the 28th, and the six flags during a great part of the 29th.

"The above is an occurrence which may merit the attention of the philosophic. It is singular, we conceive, but nothing miraculous or portentous. Indeed, as the Sun is the centre of a system of planets, several of which are much larger and more important than ours, we do not know why this common luminary should shape his face, or have it shaped for him, so as to indicate the particular occurrences of this earth. The Sun is no doubt a material, luminous body, —perhaps liable to an internal irregular motion of its part; at least this phœnomenon would seem to prove it so; and most people have observed how frequently the ignited cinders of a common fire present at different times the various appearances of men, trees, horses, houses, &c. The evidence, however, for the phenomenon itself, we must again add, is of the most undoubted and respectable kind. We have seen, and have by us, copies of drawings made by Captain HAYES on the occasion.

Suppl. to the India Gaz.—Dec. 18.

It is said that Peace has been, or is about to be concluded with the Goorka Government.—It is stated, altho' we know not from what authority, that the Nepaulese have agreed to a restitution of the districts, north of Tirhoot and Goruckpore,—to the surrender of the Pass of Muckwanpore,—to the cession of all territory north of the Gograh—and to the reception of a British resident at Khatmandoo.—We sincerely congratulate the public on this happy termination of hostilities, and on the advantages which the British Nation has obtained.

The India Gazette—December 18

The army by the last accounts had moved on to Bulwaee—a short distance in front of its former ground. Sir David Ochterlony was hourly expected to arrive in Camp and take the command of the troops.

Suppl. to the Times.—Dec. 19.

Madras.

Arrived this morning, the Honourable Company's Pilot Vessel *Cecilia*, Lieutenant Heathre, from Calcutta the 18th instant.

PASSENGERS.

Mrs. Middleton,
Miss Sturt,
The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Calcutta.
The Rev. Archdeacon of Calcutta.
Henry Abbott, Esq.
G. Sturt, Esq. Madras Establishment.

Arrived yesterday evening, the Honorable Company's Ships *Princess Charlotte of Wales*, Captain Craig, and *Marquis of Wellington*, Captain Wood, from Calcutta the 21st instant.

PASSENGERS.

Per Princess Charlotte of Wales,

Sir William Burroughs, Kt,
Revd. Dr W. Ward,
Dr. and Mrs. Ranken,
Mr. and Mrs. Cracroft,
Major Andrews,
And a Detachment of His Majesty's 53d Regt.

Per Marquis of Wellington.

FOR ENGLAND,

Mrs. C. Ricketts,
Mrs. R. Graham,
R Vansittart, Esq,
Colonel Doveton,
J. H. Fergusson, Esq,
Lieutenant Methold,
Misses Ellen Ricketts,
C. A Ricketts,
G. Ricketts,
C. M. Symes,
K. C. Wemyss,
Masters John Fergusson,
Henry Hine,

FOR MADRAS,

Major Giles,
Captain Paske,
Lieutenant Hunter, Adjutant,
" Emery, Paymaster
" Barlow,
" Anstone,
" McPherson,
" J. W. Duncan,
Assistant Surgeon Pollock,
And a Detachment of His Majesty's 53d Regiment.

We are happy to observe, that gaiety and festivity have resumed their influence at the Presidency with the return of fine weather.

An elegant entertainment was given by Mrs. Cochrane on Friday evening, which was numerously attended. The lively dance commenced soon after 10 o'clock, and was kept up with great spirit till a late hour on the following morning.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief has issued Cards of invitation to a Ball and Supper at the Ameer Baug, on New Year's Day.

We have the satisfaction to state, that measures are at length about to be taken to celebrate at this Presidency, the memorable victory of LA BELLE ALLIANCE, by some suitable public entertainment. On reference to our Advertisements, our readers will observe that for this purpose, a Meeting has been convened by the Sheriff, which will take place at eleven o'clock this forenoon, at the Exchange in the Fort, which we do not doubt will be numerously attended. We shall not presume to offer any suggestions as to the nature of the proposed entertainment, as we feel satisfied the preparatory arrangements will be confided to more able and experienced hands than ours. We trust it will be worthy of the grand event, it is intended to commemorate.

A farewell Dinner will be given on Saturday next, at the Pantheon, by the Gentlemen of the Profession of the Law, to the Honorable Sir Francis Macnaghten, on his approaching departure for Bengal, as some testimony of their respect and esteem for his public and private character, and regret at the loss they are about to sustain.

Extract of a Commercial letter from Canton, September 29, 1815:

"Our cotton market has experienced a very cheering rise. The *Theresa*'s (old Cutchoura,) sold at Macao for 12 Tales. A parcel of Mr. Shanks' on the *Carmo*, and of Mr. Pearson's on the *Duchess of Wellington*, at 13 Tales, and some very good saved from the wreck of the *Windham*, sold by auction two days ago for T. 13. 4. The Bombay Captains expect 15 notwithstanding the late large arrivals of that article. Opium is very dull of sale and has fallen from 1530 to 1480, which is the present price at Whampoa, and may be considered almost nominal, so little is doing.

"You will have heard of the loss of the Windham, which is total as far as respects the Ship. All the Opium has however been saved. Of the Cotton only 1,500 bales have as yet been got out, which sold at from tale 13 to 13-2. That consigned to me by the *Brown* is yet unsold, and the little delay that has occurred in the dispatch of it, will operate advantageously as the price has risen since it arrived at Whampoa. The Cotton by the Brown, will, I am told, bring tale 13-5 or 7—the best I presume is meant.—Opium is selling at Macao at dollars 1488."

By a letter dated Canton, 3d October, we learn that the Americans had begun to import Turkish Opium into China. The first parcel sold at 1400 Dollars per pecul, and the second, a pretty large quantity, at 770. Five ships daily expected, were known to have a considerable quantity on board, the delivery of which would materially tend to reduce Bengal Opium to its natural level. The price at which it then stood 1480 Dollars, was understood to be purely nominal.

The following note of the late sales of Bengal and Bombay Cottons, shews a very unusual superiority in the value of the former; in some cases amounting to 3.4 of a tale.

[Madras Courier,—December 26.

English Extracts.

JUNE 27th.

Parliament last night voted a provision of £6000 a year to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, upon his marriage with the Princess of Salms; and to meet the general emergencies of the State, there was a grant of six millions, to be raised by Exchequer Bills, for England, and £200,000, for Ireland.

Houghton Hall, in Norfolk, built by Sir Robert Walpole, and now the property of Earl Cholmondeley, is reported to be the mansion and estate intended to be purchased for the Duke of Wellington.

LONDON—JULY 13.

Mr. Arthur Young, in the course of his examination before the Corn Committee of the House of Commons, gave the following as his estimate of the consumption of grain in the United Kingdom, viz. England and Wales 32 291 697 quarters; Scotland, 5, 501 283 quarters; and Ireland, 3,375,000 quarters; making a grand total for the United Kingdom of 41,067 ,980 quarters.

The son of a poor woman in Holloway (a fine boy about four years of age) had for a considerable time past complained of violent pains in the chest, which, notwithstanding all the usual means being resorted to, increased to such a degree that he died the beginning of this week in great agony. His body was opened, and near the heart was found a brass ring, which it is supposed the poor child had accidentally swallowed, and thereby produced the great torments he must have been afflicted with previous to his premature death.

Liability of the Drawer of a Bill of Exchange.—In the Court of Common Pleas, on Wednesday last, it was decided, in the case of O'Keefe v. Dunn and another, that the drawer of a bill, which had been presented for acceptance by the first indorsee and refused by the drawee, was not discharged from his liability to pay the same to the second indorsee, who had given a valid consideration for it in ignorance of the circumstance of its having been refused acceptance, and of which the first indorsee had neglected to give [illegible] to the drawer.

DEVONSHIRE FARMING.—A few days since a farmer died, who rented a great deal of land in his neighbourhood, and, besides other property, bequeathed 25,000£ to his eldest son, 25,000£ to his second son, and to his third and fourth sons 10,000£ each, and to his daughter 5000£. The wife of the above farmer has for many years regularly attended the Exeter markets with fowls, butter, and eggs.—*Exeter Gazette.*

FROM THE SECRET MEMOIRS OF *BUONAPARTE;*

Written by one who never quitted him for 15 years,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

It is not my purpose to enter, in this place, upon any military details, and if I mention the ever-celebrated day of Marengo, it is not because it decided the fate of Italy, but because it was here that Bonnaparte first practised a new mode of fighting, which he has since constantly followed, to which he gave, from that time, all possible encouragement; it was there that he conceived the idea of those horrible and murderous tactics, which gendered battles massacres, in which the art of the warrior was no longer any thing; tactics which occasioned rivers of blood to flow, and which were the primary and principal source of all his successes.

The First Consul felt deeply of what importance this victory would be; the fate of Italy, and, perhaps, that of all his projects depended upon it. The evening of the twenty-fourth of Prairial, I saw the moment in which he manœuvred for the purpose of avoiding a battle; it was the first, and I think the only moment in which I ever saw him hesitate on giving battle. Nevertheless some reports which he heard in the evening, decided him. In the night his dispositions were made; a break of day the enemy, three lines in thickness, presented an immense front to us; he was surprised at it. Couriers were immediately dispatched to the divisions of Lemonier and Desaix, with orders to come on by forced marches. The conflict immediately began on both sides; from six in the morning both fought with equal determination and equal advantage, when the enemy contracted his front upon his centre. Buonaparte then committed a fault which had nearly lost every thing. Instead of manœuvring in mass upon the centre of the enemy, he weakened his own centre to strengthen his wings, with the intention of surrounding the Austrian army. The Austrian general perceiving this movement, advanced rapidly with his centre in mass, upon the weakened centre of the French; these latter, few in number, could not stand against the triple fire of the column, and dispersed. The enemy lost no time, and dividing the victorious column in two, made them march directly upon our wings, who seeing the centre in flight, followed the example. Berthier, covered with dust and sweat, came to announce this to the Consul. It was in vain that he ordered all the superior officers to stop the fugitives, the bravest were led on by the multitude? all seemed over, the French armies were on the verge of being brought to dreadful shame, when on a sudden a cloud of dust, accompanied with repeated and confused cries, announced the divisions of Lemonier and Desaix. As nothing could be distinguished clearly amid the dust and noise, the Consul, who, it must be acknowledged, preserved throughout the utmost coolness and presence of mind, told me to go and see what was the matter. I had not gone far before I learned, and returned immediately to inform him. He instantly put himself at the head of these new combatants, and ranged them in two close columns, which were joined by all the fugitives; a mass was thus formed capable of terrifying any thing. What added still more to the strength of the phalanx was, that by a magic, which acts upon none but Frenchmen, all had resumed their courage. The general, profiting by this enthusiasm, rushed impetuously upon the enemy, while the latter, not having had time to form again in mass, was on a sudden crushed, almost before he could have time to know what was passing. I say not this because I am a Frenchman, but I can assert with truth that I saw groupes comprising not more than from sixty to fourscore soldiers, fall, without keeping any ranks, upon whole battalions of the enemy, breaking and dispersing them without their making any resistance, so rapid had been this movement, and so complete was their terror. Never was victory decided in so short a time; rarely were troops ever so completely beaten. There were not two regiments left entire in the Austrian army.

France was, however, deprived of a hero! Desaix received his death in the midst of his laurels. I was not near the Consul when he learned this sad event, nor do I know whether he made use of the words ascribed to him, but if it be true that he said, "Why am I not permitted to weep!', it was from a consciousness that the gift of tears was one with which he was never blessed, and that it is impossible for us to do what is forbidden by our nature.

Be this as it may, the event which decided this ever memorable day was a ray of light to him. This mass of men falling on a sudden upon their antagonists, breaking and dispersing them, was a delightful picture to his hardened soul, he could not turn aside from the contemplation of it. For a long time he repeated to himself, when he was alone, the last details of this actions. "It is singular!—what! all was lost—they come "again, they throw themselves upon the enemy and "he is overthrown! This action is worth all the commentaries of Cæsar." In effect the art of fighting from this time took another form with him. It was no longer those judicious combinations, those stratagems of war, which, without shedding oceans of blood, terminate the quarrels of kings: manœuveres upon the field of battle were not only made to watch for the favourable moment when he could pounce upon his prey and destroy it. If Bonnaparte had been to choose between immolating two thousand of the enemy with the loss of four hundred only of his own men, or of mowing down twelve thousand with the loss of fifteen thousand on his own side, we should have had to weep the death of fifteen thousand French. Thus all the success which he has since obtained, never astonished me; never did I say to the military of my acquaintance on the eve of a battle, *to-morrow you will fight*, but *to-morrow you will overwhelm.*

In the beginning of February, 1804, the chief of battalion Rosey, a person who had gained a footing about Mr. Drake, then minister from Great Britain to the court of Stutgard, informed the first consul, that the English ambassador carried on a clandestine intercourse in France, by the intervention of agents upon the right bank of the Rhine, as well at Weissembourg as at Offenbourg; the Baroness de Reich being a person among them. No time was lost [illegible] skilful spies were immediately dispatched

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bank of the Rhine, with orders to again a footing among the different agents of the English government. The chief o. battalion Rosey was secretly to assist them in fulfilling the objects of their mission. On the 2d of March a letter was remitted to the First Consul from one of the spies who had insinuated himself into the society of the Baroness de Reich—After many other things relative to the Baroness and those in her confidence, the letter concluded with the following unfortunate details:

"On Tuesday evening I was at the Baroness's house "where a numerous company were assembled. I was "playing at cards at the table with M. Stelaubenz, "when the military successes of the First Consul "were warmly discussed. Some ascribed them to his "great knowledge in the art of war, others boldly de"nied this consequence, when a person of the compa"ny observed, that in order to judge the question "fairly, every one should be acquainted with the sen"timents which he had heard delivered by a very "great man, one very capable of forming a judge"ment in matters of this kind, 'The exploits of Buo"naparte,' the orator continued, 'as this deep judg'ing observer said to me, prove very little in favour 'of his military genius. I have long been in posses'sion of the secret of his tactics, and of his success'es. He owes his triumphs only to the little value 'he sets upon the lives of his soldiers. So long as 'the other powers do not oppose to him a like 'system, they may be assured of defeats. Yes, 'gentlemen, it is by throwing whole battalions up'on the swords of the enemy's cavalry, it is by tak'ing no thought, of the number of killed and wound'ed, that this pretended great captain has succeed'ed in seducing Europe by the lustre of his victories'. "Every one was struck with this harangue; the name "of the person who had given such an opinion was "earnestly inquired, but the haranguer was inflexible, "and would not disclose it.

"For the last quarter of an hour, I had quitted the "card-table? but I had never ceased to observe my "man accurately. I was determined that he should "not escape me. We entered into conversation, I "expressed an earnest desire to know who it was that "had given the opinion in question relative to the "military genius of the First Consul. He was not "however to be moved; I perceived that he was even "disposed to be angry at my importunities; to avoid "suspicion therefore I forbore to urge him farther. "The next day I occupied myself with endeavouring "to learn who this person was, but could obtain no "satisfaction; the third day however I was informed "from good authority that he was no other than the "Duke d'Enghien, who had in fact been three weeks "at Etenheim. This was to me a ray of light, and "from some particulars I obtained, trifling ones indeed "I am very much mistaken if he was not himself the "author of the opinion which he pretended to cite. "As to the Baroness de Reich, her house is the focus "of intelligence with respect to the intrigues carry"ing on in France. Pellier will give you a sketch "of some other details. Those on the part of M—& "of L—are on the blank leaf which incloses the "others; the whole must be passed over the hot "cylinder."

This secret report made to Buonaparté produced on him an effect no less hasty than terrible. He shut himself up in his private apartment, and in an hour after sent to seek for General Murat the governor of Paris. When he arrived, Buonaparté talked to him with some warmth: the General seated himself at a desk, and took notes for a full quarter of an hour, after which he retired. When the First Consul was left alone he went to the window; there was a great deal of company in the garden. He retired to his closet, and sent for his wife. I know not what passed between them but when she retired she looked pale and Buonaparté said to her; "What would you have?—'tis the only "means." He paused, they turned back together towards the closet, but did not go in. "Be calm yourself," said she to him.—I am calm, perfectly calm, besides "I have considered over the matter thoroughly. Speak "lower, or let us return."—"No, I am too much affected, I must quit you. Ah, my friend, I will "write to you—in the name of heaven let nothing be "done hastily." The very same evening she went to Malmaison where I learnt that Cambacérès paid her a visit the next day.

Buonaparté in quitting his wife returned to the window which looked on the garden. His countenance was more serene, his features were shaded with a slight tint of joy. He was visited by several of the great dignitaries, and received them all with mildness and tranquility. At eight o'clock he went to the theatre, where he did not stay long, for he returned by half past nine. General Bessieres came to him soon after; he wished to speak to the First Consul respecting some army contractors, who wanted the consular authority to be exerted for superseding the commissary's rejection of some saddles and harness furnished to the artillery in the year twelve.

"If," said Buonaparté to Bessières, "the commis"sary thought the saddles and harness bad, he did "right to reject them"—"That is, not the question," said Bessières, it is mere malignity on the commissary's part; the things are good, very good, and the "contractors only desire to prove it. They are honest people of my country, and I interest myself for "them. If their demand were not just, I should be "the first to object to it." This defence of the contractors was uttered by Bessières with some warmth. Buonaparté replied smiling, "Do not repeat the same "to others, or it will be said that your *protegés*, as an "inducement to you to make their saddles pass, have "presented you with a golden saddle.'

Bessières was about to reply, when the generals Lannes and Duroc arrived. The conversation soon became general, and the Consul gave his orders for a review on the 18th of Ventose. The next morning, among the different persons who came to pay their respects to the First Consul, was the *ex*-jacobin whom he had won over and engaged to sound his brethren on the subject of his being placed on the throne of France. "I wish to speak with you," said the Consul; "let the crowd pass." When they were alone, Buonaparté took him by the arm, and they walked together up and down the room. I know not what had been objected by the other, but Buonaparté said, "I can easily convince you;" and they went into his closet, where they remained together some time. Cambacérès was announced; he came directly from Malmaison, and remitted a letter to the Consul. "It is from "my wife," he said, taking the letter without opening it. "I "know the contents; but nothing that can be said "will be of any avail; my determination is made; "every thing requires it;—yes, every thing requires "it." Cambacérès was standing with his back to the fire; he made no reply. They both went out. I remarked that the Consul had put the letter into his breeches pocket.

From this time till the 19th Ventose, (the 10th of March), secret conferences were held every day in the Consul's private closet. But few persons were admitted; and it was always the same. I was all eyes and ears; but I could neither see or hear any thing. I was not the less assured that some great stroke was in agitation. I was certain that every thing in the affair went according to Buonaparte's wishes and that it was a matter to which he attached very great importance. A joy, gloomy indeed, but very decided, was evident in all his features.

In the night between the tenth and eleventh of [illegible] the Governor of Paris, the General of Brigade [illegible] and a third officer whom I did not know, [illegible]ced into the Chief Consul's closet. In a quarter of an hour Murat went out, having in his hand a sealed packet. I learned, at his return, that this packet had been sent to the Minister of the Police. Murat, Hullin, and the other officers, retired soon after.

In about two hours Madame Buonaparté returned from Malmaison. No sooner was her husband informed of it than he collected a number of papers together, and went to her. He ordered me to look among the documents relative to the construction of the Panthcon and select what M. Viel, the architect, had written upon the subject.

This order I turned to my own profit. Some papers of very great importance were mingled with them but nothing very much to my purpose. A letter from Madame Buonaparté to her husband, however, came at length in my way, and solved in some sort the perplexities I had been in, relative to the events of the last few days. I had not time to take a copy of it, I only ran it over. If I was not led away by my partiality, it was a model of tenderness and sound reasoning: she pleaded for the interest and the glory of her husband—she pleaded the cause of a young Prince, whom she only designated by that title. Throughout the letter, however, the question seemed to be that of detaining the person in a state prison. I shall give only one passage, which I retained in my memory, and afterwards wrote down in my tablets. "If I were "not fearful that this action would tarnish your glory, "be assured that I would have preserved silence, and "not have given you the mortification of seeing me in "opposition to you."

The knowledge acquired by the reading of this letter was an important thing to me; but I was still ignorant who the Prince in question was, and that was of no less importance. I did not then know of the fatal detail which the Consul had received from his spies on the right bank of the Rhine; this did not fall into my hands until seven months after the catastrophe to which it led; that is to say, three weeks before that, with several other papers relative to this tragical affair, were burned.

I was in such a wilderness, that I did not think of endeavouring to divine who the victim was that was to be immured. How indeed should I have thought of the Duke d'Enghien? I knew that for three months he had been living at Etenheim; that before he went thither, he had requested the Elector of Baden to permit his establishing himself there, but that the Elector would not grant the permission without previously acquainting Buonaparté; while he, from the good report made of the Duke by the Elector, had acquiesced in his wishes. I knew still further that M. Rosey, who was sent to watch the English ministers at Stutgard, was secretly charged with keeping his eye upon this Prince; that in a letter, dated the 20th of January, 1804, he thus expressed himself: "The Duke d'Eng"hein lives perfectly retired; all that I hear concern"ing him leads me to think that he takes no concern "in political events; his habits are those of a private "man, who has abandoned all recollections."

After such a report, could I suspect that the prince was now in danger?—Alas! it was not permitted me to know it, till it was no longer possible to save him. Mean time on the 11th of March, which answers to the 20th of Ventose, about eleven at night the same officer, who had some days before accompanied the Generals Murat and Hullin, was introduced into the Consul's closet: the Consul was alone. The officer remained with him somewhat more than a quarter of an hour, when he took his leave. Buonaparte's last words to him were—"Above all, be diligent." The very same evening I learnt that this man was General Ordener.

Four or five days after, Madame Buonaparté requested a few minutes audience of her husband. "Let her come," he said aloud, "but if it be on the errand "I presume, assure her that she will "gain nothing." [illegible] her at the door of the apartment, which he would not shut, to prevent her speaking aloud. She, however, shut it herself. Nothing, therefore, was to be heard but a low murmur for the space of about ten minutes. Josephine then retired; her countenance was bathed with tears, which she did not attempt to conceal. Her husband told me to follow her to the antichamber, and to come and tell him what her woman said. I remained there half an hour. Madame Buonaparté, after shedding some tears, had gone to bed. Her women said that she had been soliciting a favour of her husband, which he had refused. This confidence was not of a nature to be reported to the First Consul, and I only told him of the state in which I had left his wife.—"It is her fault," said he hastily, and without appearing to reflect that he was speaking to me—"the Duke has "deserved his fate, and the universe "cannot save him—I have told her so "twenty times, and still she persists." Then perceiving me there—"I know "not what I say," he added, "and that troubles me." He looked at his watch, "I will go out in an hour," he said. He afterwards placed himself at the window, still talking aloud to himself; but as his head was without the window, it was impossible to understand any thing.

Scarcely had I retired to my own room, when the Consul's words recurred to my memory. Who then, I thought within myself, is this Duke, whom the universe cannot save?—the unfortunate man is doomed to perish. This is not the prince whose cause Josephine pleaded in the letter which I found some days ago. No, he was only to be detained as a prisoner. A Duke!—it must be the Duke d'Enghien—there can be no doubt of it. My blood ran chill in my heart.—I endeavoured, notwithstanding, to reject the idea—the crime appeared to me impossible. Could Buonaparté, who had so warmly disclaimed having any share in the death of Louis XVI. think of sacrificing a descendant of the great Condé?—No, no, I am deceived.

Alas! my uncertainty was of no long duration. On the 19th of March a courier brought information to the Consul, that the Duke of d'Enghein was then within thirty-six leagues of Paris. In the morning of the next day, another brought advice that the Prince would be at the barrier of Saint Martin, at the latest about five o'clock in the afternoon. A corrier was instantly dispatched to meet him, with orders that the carriage should go round by the walls, and that the Duke should be lodged in the castle of Vincennes.—Buonaparte's aide-de camp was at the same time sent to the governor of Paris, with instructions immediately to summon a special council of war, consisting of seven members, of which General Hullin was to be the president; the said council to assemble at ten o'clock in the evening at the castle of Vincennes, for the purpose of trying a prisoner accused of conspiring against the safety of the State, and the person of the first Consul. The name of the Duke d'Enghien was not mentioned in these instructions.

A large company were assembled the same evening at the Tuilleries. About two in the morning a courier arrived from Vincenness, with a letter for Buonaparté. He went into his closet, where he remained a short time; then calling an aid-de-camp, he gave him a letter, with orders to hasten to Vincennes, and not return without an answer. He afterwards rejoined the company, but whatever efforts he made, he could take no part in the conversation. At five o'clock in the morning the aid-de-camp returned, and put a note into his hands; he broke the seal eagerly, and having read it, said, aloud—"I have been troubled long enough—I shall then hear of him no more." The next day it was known all over the chateau, that the Duke d'Enghien had been shot that night at the castle of Vincennes.

It is impossible to form an idea of the impression that the death of this prince made upon all who were usually about Buonaparté. A gloomy and reserved air pervaded them all; there were even some who took so little pains to disguise their sentiments that he perceived them: this was particularly the case with M. C. . . . . "Citizen minister," said the Consul to him before a number of people "you had better, I think, "write down what you have to say, you will then "be spared oral communication with me, which I "perceive gives you pain. If half measures be to "your taste, this is not the age for you, citizen." (*Given word for word*) M. C. . . . answered—"There "are circumstances, "Citizen Consul, in which a man "has not sufficient self-command, to be capable of "rendering himself agreeable to every body, yet with"out having the least wish to wound any one." The scene was not attended with any further consequences. Buonaparté, however, perfectly convinced that the death of the Duke d'Enghien had alienated many persons from him, did all he could to efface the impression. His character, naturally severe and despotic, became on a sudden more pliant and engaging. Then was the season for asking favours; whoever solicited one, might almost depend upon not being refused. When force and power united are presented to us under the mask of mildness and affability, few are they who can withstand them.

FROM SCOTT'S VISIT TO PARIS,—in 1814.

CHAPTER VI.

SCENERY OF PARIS.

We have an English comedy—(not a very good one) —in which a worthy London citizen who has been led into Wales, professes the utmost astonishment that any one can see beauty in black and roughlooking hills, with torrents interrupted by stones, and rushing between irregular banks, falling down their sides. He appeals to the smooth and level mall, and the carefully preserved canal of St. James's Park, which he says are called fine by good judges, to prove that their immediate opposites must be deformities. My readers, therefore, who are checking this acount of Paris by their own notions, formed on the spot of observation, must not even be surprized far, less angry, if they find that I totally dissent from the statements they have been giving to their friends. I met with many English there, who could see nothing but that the streets were narrow and dirty, and that the fronts of the houses wanted whitewashing, their stairs scouring, and their doors scraping and scrubbing. Agreeing with all this, and granting the comfort and respectability accruing from these observances, I must nevertheless pronounce Paris to be a most magnificent place. The views which it presents are of the most touching and grand kind; its appearances are interesting beyond any thing I could before have fancied. The chief reason of this is, that *character* is indicated by almost every surface. A system of things, calculated, with reference to the whole, to produce the greatest aggregate amount of convenience and completeness of every kind, tames down and restrains the manifestations of individual peculiarities. This prevails much more in England than in France,—and more in London than in Paris. The consequence is, that, in the English capital, your ideas and feelings are less frequently and forcibly excited than in the French.

The first sally forth of a stranger in Paris, will probably bring him almost immediately on the Boulevarde, and here he will be forcibly struck by a mass of novelty. The Boulevarde goes round Paris, and was originally its boundary, but the extention of the city has, in many places, rendered it central, and it is so in the most fashionable and frequented quarters, namely, those nearest the palaces and the theatres. It is, in fact, now, a superb street of great breadth, lined on each side with trees, between which and the houses gravelled ways have been made for the foot-passengers. The general effect here is very fine. The eye cannot reach to any termination of the Boulevarde; and in the distance, the trees according, to the laws of perspective, appear to unite their branches in an arch, overshadowing with their foliage the hurrying groupes of men, and women, and horses, and carts, and carriages, that are perpetually streaming to and fro beneath. By moonlight this forms a very grand picture, and suggests a confession, that London has nothing so fine in this way.

The best streets of the English metropolis, owe their beauty, in our estimation, to their possessing those qualities that raise ideas of opulence, comfort, reasonableness and general utility: the Parisian Boulevarde is interesting in strong contrasts, picturesque in inconsistencies, grand in size, & overpowering through animation. The houses rise to twice the height of ours; they are of stone, and their architecture is generally elaborate. There appear here no signs of building rows by contract with the bricklayers, nor any necessity for prescribing by a law, what shall be the thickness of a party wall. Turn your eyes whichsoever way you will, they are met by broad fronts, decorated with friezes, cornices, pillars, pilasters, and balconies, and rising to a height that to a stranger seems stupendous. The chimneys, as the end of a mass of buildings presents itself, seem clustered turrets and battlements. The streets that open from the Boulevarde, appear to dart into a peopled and swarming confusion and uncertainty; they promise, as it were, to lead to something which cannot be foretold from their entrance, instead of being, what all the principal streets are in London, self—intimators, that they are lines of receptacles for trade and property, and regular domestic life. This character of the French streets arises from their narrowness, as contrasted with the height of the massive houses on each side, and other assemblages together of features, which, in England, are seldom or never seen near each other. Thus, a grand gateway would prepare the English visitor for the mansion of a family of rank, were it not that the court to which it leads, is filled with litter and dirt, that the doors are open and filthy, and the persons who appear around them, ill-dressed and in every way unsuitable. Has the house, then, been deserted by its original magnificence, and fallen, in a ruined state, into the possession of the needy, who herd in its dilapidated rooms? No, not so exactly; for a carriage waits to receive the inmate of the first floor,—a Marquis in an old coat, silk stockings, and a cross;—a cabriolet (or one horse chaise) is in attendance for the occupier of the second, —a Colonel in a colored waistcoat and regimental coat;—from the third, a person walks down in dishabille, script attire, which, however, indicates him to belong mostly to the military class, although perhaps, at that moment, neither his profession nor his rank could be very easily defined;—a milliner, with a band-box, trips from the fourth,——and some miserable dependant on the chances of the day, descends from the fifth.

This miscellaneous congregation is at present only alluded to, to give an idea of that air of uncertainty & inconsistency which strikes the English visitor with the aspect of the houses, and of the streets of Paris. He is surprised to find, when he first wishes to call on some of the most distinguished personages in fashionable or political life, that he is taken to a street, which bears, to his eye, every mark of being exclusively devoted to the poor and the vulgar, and the contrast between this situation, selected for the abode of a member of the higher orders of society in Paris, and the places and squares which they occupy in the English metropolis, gives him no favorable impression in behalf of the tasteful feelings, and orderly habits of those among whom he has come.

Proceeding from the Boulevarde to the Tuilleries, we pass through the Place Vendome. It is to be considered as one of the squares, of which there are very few in Paris in comparison with London; and it is sadly deficient in that air of decorous elegance and completeness, which is the result of a feeling for respectability and propriety of appearance, as well as for mere enjoyment. This feeling might not unfairly be traced to a system of society, settled and refined by public independence and political strength, which confers a sense of individual importance and security. The Place Vendome has no pavement for promenaders, but the houses around it are uniform and grand in their architecture, while their doors, window frames, and external blinds, are neglected and dirty. Instead of being in the entire occupation of wealthy and established families, as in a similar situation they would be in the capital of England, they are each let out in portions, the first floors at the rate of six hundred francs per month, (about thirty pounds) the attics at forty francs. Thus, those who can afford to pay three hundred and sixty pounds a year for rent, share their stair-cases and entrances with the water carriers, duns, and visitors of those who pay but twenty-five. In the center of the Place Vendome, there is no enclosed shrubbery, opening into lawns, carefully cut and intersected with gravel walks nicely rolled, amongst which are to be seen, taking healthful exercise, attended by neat looking domestics, the simply drest children of an antient and undisturbed nobility, and of their neighbours, and equals in public estimation, the opulent commercialists and the successful followers of professions. But, in the center of the Place Vendome there rises, what is as characteristic of Paris as these are of London, the famous pillar erected by Napoleon in honor of his own victories, encased with cannon taken from the Austrians; and, with a due regard to the classical, modelled by Messieurs *les Artists*, after the pillar of Trajan at *Rome*.

It was, I believe, on the spot now so occupied, that there formerly stood a statue of Louis the XIV., which is memorable for its inscription *viro immortali*, and its representations of the nations of Europe crouched as timid and subdued suppliants around the pedestal. After this was put up, and the French, as enslaved subjects, had solaced their vanity with their tyrant's gasconade, Eugene and Marlborough raised the nations of Europe from the suppliant to the commanding attitude, and exerted themselves with such effect, that the immortal man died wretched, defeated, disgraced, himself trembling under the horrors of superstition, and his country plunged into calamities through his inability to repel the consequences of his provocations.

Louis the XIV., and his statue, as the humbler of Europe, and his descendants as the kings of France, were soon all alike removed from the scene, and the engraved view, before me while I am writing, of the Place Vendome and the column in its center, describes the latter as belonging to HIS MAJESTY NAPOLEON, Emperor of the French, and King of Italy. His statue, too, in this engraving, stands proudly on its pinnacle, grasping the sceptre of Imperial command, overlooking his good and devoted city of Paris, and surmounting the defeated Austrians. But, alas! the Austrians had been in Paris as conquerors, before I paid my visit to that Capital, and I saw nothing of the statue of Napoleon! A white flag was waving on the top of the column, towards which, no one seemed to cast an abashed face, as a signal that he, too, had, in the common course of French affairs, been removed, and that the Bourbons were restored;—a fine commentary on all we had been hearing, during the last ten years, of "eternal destinies," an invincible hero, "commanding fate." &c. &c.

The column in question is one hundred and forty feet high, so that it is considerably inferior, in respect of elevation, to the "tall bully," which lifts his head to the extent of two hundred and two feet, near London Bridge. Nor do I think the general effect of the French trophy, though copied from a Roman monument, grander than that of the English, which we owe to Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of Saint Paul's; but it may be said to be finer as a work of art, in consequence of the admirable figures in relief, which have been cast in brass, and which run upwards to its capital in a spiral line. These are formed of the cannon taken at Ulm and Austerlitz, and express the principal actions of that wonderful though short war. It may be worth mentioning, that the Emperor thought it proper to immortalize on this monument, a person called in the printed account, *young Dubois*, and decribed as the celebrated chrystal flute player!—this musical hero was probably no more than lifer to his regiment, but he is represented at the head of his corps in every engagement, occupied most assiduously with his instrument, although it certainly could not have fair play with an accompaniment of batteries of cannon. This circumstance cannot be considered trifling, inasmuch, as it is an indication of a system, which gave room for the hopes of every individual as to personal distinction, and thus assured to the state, the full vigour of the people. Denon superintended the construction of this column, and a long account is given of the difficulties that attended the raising and fixing of the stupendous brass work.

The *Columna Trajana*, of which that in the Place Vendome is an imitation, is formed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, and its line of sculpture contains two thousand five hundred human figures, of two feet average height. The French, when they were masters of Rome, designed to remove this bulky masterpiece to Paris, as they have removed more portable ones. No opportunity should be lost to reprobate the spirit of selfishness thus evinced;—a spirit which is directly opposed to all those sensibilities, for exciting which fine art is chiefly valuable. What they pretend is admiration of genius, and on the strength of which they vaunt themselves as the most elegant-minded nation of Europe is, in fact, mere self-admiration, which makes them think that nothing exquisite can be in its place unless it be in Paris, and that no associations can be so suitable for what is refined and beautiful, as those which are supplied by the neighbourhood of the gambling houses, restaurateurs, and bijouterie shops of the Palais Royal! This national feeling, coupled with inordinate individual vanity, has caused them to be the greatest mutilators & disturbers of fine art, which they profess to have taken under their necessary protection and patronage, that the world has ever seen. The *Columna Trajana* would have been half destroyed by its removal;—but what then? In their estimation, it would have been more honoured as a fragment in Paris, than standing in the completeness of its sublime symmetry in Rome. It would have been put up, (or at least what was left of it,) in some one of the public situations of the French capital, to form a height for some figure to fall from, when the hour for tumbling it down arrived, and to give some confident inhabitant of the Sorbonne an opportunity of exerting his fancied superiority to those who formed the original, by repairing the damages occasioned by the robbery. When Canova, the great living sculptor, was requested by Lord Elgin to supply the destroyed parts of the Greek statues which have been defaced by the Turks, and the remnants of which his Lordship has very properly rescued from their brutality, the consummate artist evinced that lively sense of excellence which is the most convincing sign of taste and talent, he declined attempting to restore what he regarded as inimitable in its existence, and therefore irreparable in its loss. But Canova is not a Frenchman:—Girodet, the French painter, lately painted over all the heads of one of Corregio's most exquisite pictures, and Denon when remonstrated with on this piece of profanation, calmly answered, "Corregio's heads, it must be allowed, are not fine!"

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MR. PHILLIPS'S SPEECH,

At the Aggregate Meeting in Dublin.

On the Resolution recommending the immediate discussion of the Catholic Question, Mr. Phillips presented himself, and was received by the entire Meeting with the loudest acclamations, with which, indeed, almost every sentiment he uttered was attended. He seemed to be much agitated at the enthusiasm of his reception, and commenced as follows:

"It is with an heart at once bursting with gratitude and bleeding with regret, that I receive this enthusiastic testimony of your affection—to me, it is a great exaggeration—from you, it is an instance of the most generous credulity. What! and has not time effaced, and disappointment withered, or treachery destroyed this glowing, this characteristic national sensibility! Are you still determined to trust and to be betrayed—to believe and to be deceived—to love and to be deserted! May I not be one of the myriads who, in the name of patriotism and for the purposes of plunder, have swindled away your heart, that they might gamble with it afterwards at the political hazard table! May I not pretend a youth of virtue, that I may purchase with its fame an age of rich apostacy!—Cast your view round the political horizon—can you discover no one whose eye once gazed on glory, and whose voice once rung for liberty—no one who, like me, once glowed with the energies of an assumed sincerity, and saw, or seemed to see, no God but his Country, now toiling in the drudgeries of oppression, and shrouded in the pall of an official miscreancy!! Oh! my country—duped, desolate, degraded—but still my country—hear every precept—trust no man's professions—ardent as I am—honest through every fibre as I feel myself—I repel your confidence, though perhaps unnecessarily, for I am humble and below corruption—I am valueless and not worth temptation.—I am poor and cannot afford to part with all I have—my character!—Such are my sensations now—what they may be hereafter I pretend not; but should I ever hazard descending into the sycophant or slave, I beseech thee, Heaven, that the first hour of crime may be the last of life, and that the worm may fatten on the bloom of my youth before my friends, if I have one, shall have cause to curse the mention of my memory.—[*Loud applauses.*]

"Little did I imagine, on the last day of my addressing you, that an occasion should so soon arrive to call us again together. It has, however, arisen, and it is a melancholy occasion—but melancholy as it is, it must be met, and met with the fortitude of men struggling in the sacred cause of liberty. I do not allude to the Proclamation of your Board; of that Board I never was a Member, so I can speak impartially. It contained much talent, much learning, many virtues—it was valuable on that account, but it was doubly valuable as being a vehicle for the individual sentiments of any Catholic, and for the aggregate sentiments of every Catholic—those who receded from it do not remember that individually they are nothing—that as a body they are every thing—that it is not this titled slave, or that wealthy sycophant, whom the bigots dread, or the Parliament respects—no; it is the body—the numbers—the rank—the property—the perseverance—the genius—the education—but, above all, the *Union* of the Catholics. I do not defend every measure of the Board; but is it a reason, if a General makes one mistake, that his followers are to desert him, especially when the contest is for all that is dear or dignified. No doubt the board had its errors; show me the human institution which has not? Let the man, then, who accuses it, prove himself above humanity before he makes the accusation. I am sorry for its suppression—the act did not surprise me, but the manner did; and the time chosen did most sensibly. I did not expect it on the very hour when the news of universal peace was first promulgated, and on the anniversary of the only British Monarch's birth-day who ever gave a boon to our distracted country. [*Applause.*]

"I have digressed—I shall confine myself exclusively to the Resolution before us. It is a task of pain—it may be a task of peril—but neither pain nor peril shall make me shrink for a moment from the avowal of even the melancholy candor which I owe you. It may be presumptuous in one so young—it certainly is distressing to one so Irish to dissent from Grattan—I do it now however—I do it with all my soul, and I do it with the less reluctance, because the error he has committed is not yet irreparable. Let no man attempt to rant me down with his declamatory panegyric—I do not forget his services—I can never forget that if it was not for him we should not have had a Constitution, and that if all were like him we should still have a country. I do not forget how associated with *that man* (pointing to Mr. Curran), when the screech owl of intolerance was yelling, and the night of bigotry was brooding on the land, he came forth with the heart of a hero and the tongue of an angel, till at his bidding the spectre vanished—the colour of our fields revived, and Ireland, even poor Ireland, glittered for a moment in the light of his eloquence, and gloried in the prowess of his victory.—[*Loud applause*]—Do not you remember, in 1782, how his heart toiled, and his eye flamed, and his tongue thundered, till our whole horizon became enriched with his splendour, and every peasant on our mountains shouted liberty!—Do not you remember in that dreadful death-day of our hopes, when power wielded the thunderbolt to affright, and treason emptied the treasury to corrupt, how, with the ardour of youth and the wisdom of age, he rushed, like Chatham, from the couch of sickness, awing, animating, exhorting, convincing, till our very sorrows were mitigated by the sweetness of his advocacy, and even the extent of our ruin was for a season forgotten in the splendour of the conflagration—[*Applause*]—No, Grattan, we never can forget that those things were, and "were most dear to us."—We love you *much*, but it is because you taught us to love Ireland *more*. We give you our esteem—we give you our respect—we give you our love, our gratitude, our admiration.—We will give you any thing, and every thing, except our country. You may be assured that it is with much timidity I dissent with such a man. What are my reasons—you shall have them most explicitly, but I shall first state the reasons which he has given for the postponement of your question. I shall do so out of respect to him, if indeed it can be called respect to quote those sentiments which on their very mention must excite your ridicule.—Mr. Grattan presented your petition, and on moving that it should lie, where so many preceding ones have lain, upon the table, he declared it to be his intention to move for no discussion. Here, in the first place, I think Mr. Grattan wrong. He got that petition, if not on the express, at least on the implied condition of having it discussed this Session. There was not a man at the Aggregate Meeting at which it was voted who did not expect a discussion, and that immediately. Mr. Grattan, however, was angry at "Suggestions."—I do not think Mr. Grattan had any right to be angry at receiving that which every English Member was ready to receive from any English Cornfactor. Mr. Grattan was angry also at our violence. Neither do I think he had any right to be angry at what he calls our violence. There was a day when Mr. Grattan would not have spurned our suggestions, and there was also a day when he was as violent as any of us."—Mr. Grattan, however, has fulfilled his own prophecy, that an "oak of the forest should not be transplanted at fifty," and, our fears, that an Irish native will soon lose its raciness in an English atmosphere. "It is not my intention (says he), to move a discussion for the present."—Why? "Great obstacles have been removed"—That's his first reason.—[A laugh]—"I am, says he, determined still to endeavour" Ardent! why, it strikes me to be a very novel kind of ardour which toils on till it has removed the impediments, and then pauses at the prospect of its victory! "And I am of opinion, he continues, that any immediate discussion would be the height of precipitation." That is, he has removed the impediments, and with the very goal in his view, he pauses in his path, declaring that he is ardent; and after centuries of suffering, when you press for a discussion, he protests that he considers you monstrously precipitate!!—[*A loud laugh.*]—Now, is not that a fair translation—[*Hear, hear!*]—Why, really, if we did not know Mr. Grattan, one would almost imagine he was quoting from the Ministry.—With the exception of one or two plain, blunt, downright, sturdy, unblushing bigots, who opposed you because you were Christians, and declared they did so, this was the cant of every hypocrite who affected liberality. "Oh, I declare (say they), they may not be cannibals, though they are Catholics, and I would be very glad to vote for them—but this is no time." Oh, no, says Bragge Bathurst, it's no time—"What, in time of war! why it looks like bullying us." Very well—next comes the peace and then what say our friends the Opposition "Oh, I declare peace is no time, it looks so like persuading us—[Loud laughter]—For my part, serious as the subject is, it affects me with the very same ridicule with which I see I have so unconsciously affected you. I will tell you a story of which it reminds me, you may think the story ludicrous—it certainly is appropriate. It is told of the celebrated Charles Fox, Far be it from me, however, to mention that name with levity, As he was a great man, I respect him—as he was a good man, I love him.—[Hear, hear!]—He had as wise a head as ever paused to deliberate, he had as sweet a tongue as ever gave the words of wisdom utterance, and he had a heart so stamped with the immediate patent of the divinity, that its very errors might be traced to the excess of its benevolence—[*Loud cheers.*]—I had almost forgot the story—Fox was a man of genius—of course he was poor—poverty is a reproach to no man—to such a man as Fox I think it was a pride—for if he chose to traffic with his principles—if he chose to gamble with his conscience, how easily might he have been rich?—[*Hear, hear!*]—I guessed your answer. It would be heard indeed if you did not believe that in England talents might find a purchaser, who have seen in Ireland, how easily a block-head may *swindle* himself into preferment—[*Hear, hear!*]—Juvenal says, that the greatest misfortune attendant upon poverty is ridicule. Fox found out a greater—debt—the Jews called on him for repayment. Ah my dear friends, says Fox—I admit the principle—I owe you the money—but what *time* is this when I am going upon *business*. Just so our friends admit the principle—they owe you Emancipation, but war's *no time*.—Well, the Jews departed just as you did—they returned to the charge—, What, cries Fox, 'is this a *time* when I am engaged on an appointment.'—What, says our friends—is this a time when all the world is at peace. [*A laugh*] The Jews departed, but, the end of it was, Fox with his Secretary, Mr. Hare, who was as much in debt as he was, shut themselves up in garrison. The Jews used to surround his habitation at the day light, and poor Fox regularly put his head out of the window with this question: "Gentlemen, are you *Fox*-hunting, or *Hare* hunting this morning?"—[*Universal laughter*] His pleasantry mitigated the very Jews. "Well, well, Fox—now, you have always admitted the principle, but always protested against the *time*—we will give you your own *time*; only just fix some final day for our repayment."—"Ah my dear Moses," replied Fox, "now this is friendly; I take you at your word; I will fix a day and as it is to be a final day, what would you think of the day of Judgment?, [*A laugh.*] That will be too busy a day with us. Well, well, in order to *accommodate* all parties, let us settle it *the day after*. [*Loud laughter*]—Thus it is between the war inexpediency of Bragge Bathurst, and the peace inexpediency of Mr. Grattan, you may expect your Emancipation Bill pretty much about the time that Fox appointed for the payment of his creditors—[*A laugh*]—Mr. Grattan, however, though he would not take your suggestions, took the suggestions of his *friends*. "I have consulted," says he, "my *Right Hon. Friends!*" Oh, all *friends*—all *Right* Honorable! Now this it is to trust the interests of a people into the hands of a party. You must know in Parliamentary parlance these Right Hon. Friends mean, a party. There is no man so contemptible as not to have a party. The Minister has his party. The opposition have their party.—The *Saints*, for there are some saints in the House of Commons—[*Loud and continued laughter*]—*ubus non lucendo*—The Saints have their party—that Ghost of the Schools—that old Hag in breeches, Hypocrisy, has his party—every one has his party—I had forgotten—Ireland has no party!!!—[*Loud cheers*]—Such are the reasons, if reasons they can be called, which Mr. Grattan has given for the postponement of your discussion, and I sincerely say, if they had come from any other man, I would not have condescended to have given them an answer. He is reported to have said indeed that he had others reserved, which he did not think it necessary to detail. If those which he reserved were like those which he detailed, I do no dispute the prudence of his keeping them to himself, but as we have not the gift of prophecy, it is not easy for us to answer them until he shall deign to give them to his constituents.

"Having dealt thus freely with the alleged reasons for the postponement, it is quite natural that you should require what my reasons are for urging the discussion. I will give them—they are at once so simple and explicit that it is quite impossible that the meanest capacity amongst you should not comprehend them. I would urge the discussion, because discussion has always been of use to you—because upon every discussion you have gained converts out of doors—and because upon every discussion within the doors of Parliament, your enemies have diminished and your friends encreased.—Now, is not that strong reason for continuing your discussions?—(Hear, hear!)—This may be assertion, Aye, but I will prove it. In order to convince you of the argument, as referring to the country, I need but refer to the state of the public mind now upon the subject, and that which existed in the memory of the youngest. I myself remembered the blackest and the baseft universal denunciations against your creed, and the vileft anathemas against any man who would grant you an iota—now every man affects to be liberal, and the only question with some, is about the time of the Concession—with others, about the extent of the Concessions—with many, as to the nature of the Securities which you should afford; whilst a great multitude, in which I am proud to class myself, think that your Emancipation should be immediate, universal, and unrestricted. Such has been the progress of the human mind out of doors, in consequence of the [illegible] policy, elicited by those discussions which your friends who have, for the first time, found out would be precipitate.—(Hear, hear!—Now, let us see what has been the effect produced within the doors of Parliament? For twenty years you were silent, and, of course, you were neglected. The consequence was most natural. Why should Parliament grant privileges to a people who did not think those privileges worth the solicitation?—Then rose your agitators, as they are called by those bigots who are trembling at the effect of their arguments on the community, and who, of course, take every opportunity of calumniating them. Ever since that, your cause has been advancing.—Take the numerical proportions in the House of Commons on each subsequent discussion.—In 1805, the first time your question was discussed in the Imperial Legislature, and it was then aided by the powerful eloquence of Fox, there was a majority against even taking your Claims into consideration of no less a number than 212. It was an appalling omen. In 1808, however, on the next discussion, that majority was diminished to 163. In 1810, it decreased to 104. In 1811, it dwindled to 63, and at length, in 1812, on the motion of Mr. Canning; and it is not a little remarkable, that the first successful exertion was made in your favour by an English Member, your enemies fled, the field & you had the triumphant majority to support you of 129. Now, is this demonstration? (Hear, hear,)—What becomes now of those who say discussion has not been of use to you?—But I need not have resorted to the arithmetical calculation. Discussion must be useful, when the principle is equitable. Men become ashamed of combating with axioms. Truth is omnipotent, and must prevail; it forces its way with the fire and the precision of the morning sunbeam. Vapours may surround, prejudices may impede the infancy of its progress; but the very resistance that would check, only condenses and concentrates it, until at length it goes forth in the fulnsss of its meridian, all life and light and lustre—the whole amphitheatre of nature glowing in its smile, and her minutest objects gilt and glittering in the grandeur of its eternity—(Loud applause)—You lived for centuries on the vegetable diet and eloquent silence of this Pythagorean policy; and the consequence was, when you thought yourselves mighty dignified, and mighty interesting, the whole world was laughing at your philosophy, and sending its aliens to take possession of your birthright.

"For foreign eyes, blooms bright Ambition's morn;
"To foreign hands Preferment holds her horn;
"Round foreign brows is Glory's garlands bound;
"In foreign ears does honour's clarion sound.
"Alone the Sons of Erin needless stand,
"The only Aliens—in their Native Land."

(*Great Applause*)

"I have given you a good reason for pressing your discussion, by having shown you, that discussion has always gained you proselytes. But is it the time? says Mr. Grattan. Yes, Sir, it is the time—peculiarly the time; unless, indeed, the great question of Irish liberty is to be reserved as a weapon in the hands of a party, to wield againft the weakness of the British Minister.—(Hear, hear!)—Now, I say, while England, is in power—now is the peculiar time. Now England, I challenge you to show, whether the boons you have conceded have been the result of your love, or wrung from your necessities—(Hear, hear?) Now, all her fears are gone—all her hopes are gratified Europe is free? the Bourbon, the exile of her hospitality, is restored.—Napoleon is no longer Lord of the Ascendant—her Catholic alliances have refuted the foul aspersions on your faith—Catholic Ireland has upreared her banner on the field of blood, and nobly proved how she kept faith with Heretics.—The Sovereign Pontiff, an Ally and a Friend, has at last returned to his Christian Capital wreathed with the trophies of a triumphant martyrdom. You yourselves have chased away the phantom of a foreign influence; and, from the Priest to the Peasant, there is not a Catholic in the land who is not trampling on the Rescript of Italian audacity—[Applause]—Merciful God! if this be not the time, can we ever hope to find one more expedient? But, oh! there will never be a time with Bigotry—she has no head, and cannot think—she has no heart and cannot feel—when she moves, it is in wrath—when she pauses, it is amid ruin—her prayers are curses—her God is a Dæmon—her communion is death—her vengeance is Eternity—her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims; and if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock, to whet her vulture fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation!

[*Mr. Phillips was here interrupted by three distinct shouts of applause.*]

"I appeal from this infernal, grave-ftalled fury.—I appeal to the sense, to the good policy, to the gratitude of England—and I make my appeal peculiarly at this moment, when the illustrious Potentates of Europe are met together in the British capital, to commemorate the great festival of Universal Peace and Universal Emancipation.—Let me hope, that by our deliverance the great work will be consummated in their presence; or should it not, the Warriors of the North will at least carry to their homes the story of our fortitude and our unmerited misfortunes. But (*turning to Mr. Curran, who appeared much agitated*)—To borrow a phrase from that *Paragon of Eiftimen*—No Curran, do not be afraid that I shall depreciate you by my adoration.—I cannot rise into the region where you soar, and, even if I could, the fate of Icarus forewarns me not to touch upon the orb whose refulgence would consume me.—Contemplating such a man, to be just, I must be silent, for panegyric is poverty, & eloquence is worthless. [*Loud applause*] In his phrase I shall endeavour to 'redeem myself from the infidelity of this despair.' I will try to hope, that when the whole world is rejoicing in peace—when the rocks of Norway, and the swamps of Holland are elate with liberty, the poor country, through the prowess of whose Hero this event has been achieved, will not be suffered to sit down in the solitude of her sorrows! Forbid it Policy! Forbid it Justice! Forbid it Gratitude! Forbid it God! I invoke the Genius of the British Constitution—I invoke the Angel of the Christian Gospel—I invoke the bright form of that blessed Liberty, which is walking abroad among the nations of the universe, not to forget the land where Saints have worshipped—Sages loved—and Heroes fought for her; where the hand of Beauty will weave her garland—where the heart of Valour will bend before her shrine!—Oh it is a great, a good, a grand, a glorious consummation,—it is worthy of concessions—you will make them. I would rejoice to see you conciliate, even the ungenerous prejudices of the English People. But there is one sacrifice you should never make. Oh do not, for any temporal boon, betray the great principles which are to purchase you an eternity. Here, from your sanctuary, here, from the endangered Altars of your Faith—in the name of that God, for the freedom of whose worship we are so nobly struggling, let no unholy hand profane the sacred ark of your Religion! For my part, I approach your Church—the ancient Church of Ireland—with the mingled emotions of a Patriot and a Christian. Whilst it awfully forewarns me of a better world, it proudly reminds me of a better day, and the desert of Antiquity, just in its proportions, sublime in its associations, and only the more magnificent from the ruins by which it is surrounded. Oh do not sacrifice it."

Mr. Phillips concluded amid universal acclamations.

FONTENELLE.

Who was destined to live a century, appeared at his birth not likely to survive an hour.

It was not till near 90, that he began to feel the usual infirmities of age, and then his eyes grew dim, and his sense of hearing nearly failed him. But his wit remained to the last. Calling one morning very early on a lady, with whom he was intimate, she very complaisantly rose on purpose to see him, though much before her usual time. When she came down stairs she said to him, "*Vous voyez, Monsieur, qu'on se lève pour vous.*"—He immediately answered, "*Oui; mais vous vous couchez chez les autres—dont j'enrage.*"

ABSTRACT OF THE MAHOMETAN CREED AND PRECEPTS.

1. There is only one God.
2. Mahomet is the Prophet and Missionary of God.
3. The Old and New Testaments were revealed by God, but have been corrupted by the Jews and Christians.
4. To these two codes is substituted the Koran revealed by God.
5. To the Koran is due the same obedience as to the word of God.
6. There are Prophets. Jesus Christ is a Prophet, but not the Son of God.
7. Our Souls form part of the Divine Essence.
8. Jesus Christ did not die on the Cross; another was substituted for him.
9. Universal Judgment.
10. An eternal Paradise, and a temporary Hell.
11. After Judgment, all Musselmen damned shall be received into Paradise.
12. In this celestial habitation they shall enjoy beautiful women, and every luxury of eating and drinking.
13. Mahomet has been predicted by the Scriptures.
14. It is not permitted to dispute in public respecting the Mahometan religion.
15. It is forbidden to worship images and statues, which can only be objects of idolatry.
16. Circumcision is recommended, but not strictly obligatory.
17. Prohibition of games of chance, of wine and fermented liquors, pork, blood, and animals strangled.
18. Polygamy and slavery are permitted.
19. The fast of Ramazan.
20. Pilgrimage to Mecca.
21. Ablutions.
22. The Resurrection.
23. Payment of tythes.
24. Prohibition of usury.
25. Not to take the name of God in vain.
26. To suffer for God.
27. To be patient, and be good to friends and neighbours.
28. To curse no creature.

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